SAUL,

AN

ORATORIO.

OR

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Covent-Garden.

Set to Muſick by Mr. HANDEL.

Ἀρετὴ ποιεῖ φίλον ὅσις ἄρις Θ. Aur. Carm.

Qui autem in virtute ſummum bonum ponunt, præclarè illi quidem: Sed hæc ipſa virtus Amicitiam & gignet & Continet: Nec ſine virtute Amicitia eſſe ullo pacto poteſt. Cic.

LONDON:

Printed by and for J. WATTS; and Sold by him at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields:*

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[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SAUL.
JONATHAN.
DAVID.
ABNER.
MERAB.
MICHAL.
DOEG.
WITCH *of* Endor.
Apparition of SAMUEL.

Amalekite.

Chorus.

N. B. MERAB's scornful Behaviour, Act I. Scene II. is a Hint taken from COWLEY's *Davideis*, and hath no Foundation in the *Sacred History*.

SAUL,

AN

ORATORIO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An EPINICION, or Song of Triumph, for the Victory over *Goliah* and the *Philiſtines*.

I.

HOW excellent thy Name, O Lord,
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How haſt thou ſet thy glorious Throne!

II.

An Infant rais'd by thy Command,
To quell thy Rebel Foes,
Cou'd fierce Goliah's dreadful hand
Superior in the Fight oppoſe.

III.

Along the Monſter Atheiſt ſtrode
With more than Human Pride,
And Armies of the Living God
Exulting in his Strength deſy'd.

IV.

The Youth inſpir'd by Thee, O Lord,
With Eaſe the Boaſter ſlew,
Our fainting Courage ſoon reſtor'd,
And headlong drove that impious Crew.

V.

How excellent thy Name, O Lord,
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King, ador'd,
How haſt thou ſet thy glorious Throne! Hallelujah.

SCENE II.

SAUL, JONATHAN, MERAB, MICHAL, *&c.* ABNER *introducing* DAVID.

RECITATIVE.

Michal. He comes! ——

AIR.

O God-like Youth! by all confeſs'd,
Of Human Race the Pride!
O Virgin among Women bleſt,
Whom Heav'n ordains thy Bride!
But ah! how ſtrong a Bar I ſee
Betwixt my Happineſs and me!

RECITATIVE.

Abner. Behold, O King, the brave, victorious Youth,
And in his Hand the haughty Giant's Head.
Saul. Young Man, whoſe Son art thou?
David. The Son of *Jeſſe*,
Thy faithful Servant, and a *Bethlemite*.
Saul. Return no more to *Jeſſe*: Stay with me.
And as an Earneſt of my future Favour
Thou ſhalt eſpouſe my Daughter: Small Reward

Of ſuch Deſert! ſince to thy Arm alone
We owe our Safety, Peace, and Liberty.

AIR.

David. *O King, your Favours with Delight*
I take, but muſt refuſe your Praiſe:
For ev'ry pious Iſraelite
To God alone that Tribute pays:
Through him we put to flight our Foes,
And in his Name
We trod them under that againſt us roſe.

RECITATIVE.

Jonath. O early Piety! O modeſt Merit!
In this Embrace my Heart beſtows itſelf.
Henceforth, thou noble Youth, accept my Friendſhip,
And *Jonathan* and *David* are but one.

AIR.

Merab. *What abject Thoughts a Prince can have!*
In Rank a Prince, in Mind a Slave.

RECITATIVE.

Yet think with whom you ſtoop to link yourſelf,
How poor in Fortune, and in Birth how low! [*Aſide to* Jonath.

AIR.

Jonath. *Birth and Fortune I deſpiſe!* [*To* Merab.
From Virtue let my Friendſhip riſe.
No Titles proud thy Stem adorn; [*To* David.
Yet born of God is nobly born:
And of his Gifts ſo rich thy Store,
That Ophir *to thy* Wealth *is poor.*

RECITATIVE.

Saul. Thou, *Merab*, firſt in Birth, be firſt in Honour:
Thine be the valiant Youth, whoſe Arm has ſav'd
Thy Country from her Foes.
Merab. [*Aſide.*] O mean Alliance!

AIR.

AIR.

My Soul rejects the Thought with Scorn,
That such a Boy, 'till now unknown,
Of poor, Plebeian Parents born,
Should mix with Royal Blood his own!
Tho' Saul's *Commands I can't decline,*
I must prevent his low Design,
And save the Honour of his Line.

AIR.

Michal. *See with what a scornful Air*
She the precious Gift receives!
Tho' e'er so Noble, or so Fair,
She cannot merit what he gives.
Ah! lovely Youth! wast thou design'd
With that proud Beauty to be join'd?

SCENE III.

SAUL, MICHAL, &c. *Chorus of Women.*

RECITATIVE.

Michal. Already see the Daughters of the Land,
In joyful Dance, with Instruments of Musick
Come to congratulate your Victory.

CHORUS of Women alternately.

I.

Welcome, welcome, mighty King!
Welcome all who Conquest bring!

II.

Welcome, David, *warlike Boy,*
Author of our present Joy!

III.

Saul, who haſt thy Thouſands ſlain,
Welcome to thy Friends again!

IV.

David *his Ten thouſands ſlew;*
Ten thouſand Praiſes are his due!

RECITATIVE.

Saul. What do I hear? Am I then ſunk ſo low,
To have this upſtart Boy preferr'd before me?

CHORUS.

David *his Ten thouſands ſlew;*
Ten thouſand Praiſes are his due!

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Saul. To him Ten thouſands! and to me but Thouſands?
What can they give him more? except the Kingdom?

AIR.

With Rage I ſhall burſt his Praiſes to hear!
Oh! how I both hate the Stripling, and fear!
What Mortal a Rival in Glory can bear? [Exit.

SCENE IV.

RECITATIVE.

Jonath. Imprudent Women! your ill-tim'd Compariſons,
I fear, have injur'd him you meant to honour.
Saul's furious Look, as he departed hence,
Too plainly ſhew'd the Tempeſt of his Soul.
Mich. 'Tis but his old Diſeaſe, which thou canſt cure. [*To* David.
O take thy Harp, and as thou oft haſt done,

From

From the King's Breaſt expel the raging Fiend,
And ſooth his tortur'd Soul with Sounds Divine. [*Exit* David.

AIR.

Fell Rage and black Deſpair poſſeſt
With horrid Sway the Monarch's Breaſt;
When David *with Celeſtial Fire*
Struck the ſweet perſuaſive Lyre:
Soft gliding down his raviſh'd Ears,
The healing Sounds diſpel his Cares;
Deſpair and Rage at once are gone,
And Peace and Hope reſume the Throne.

SCENE V.

SAUL, DAVID, JONATHAN, MERAB, MICHAL, ABNER, ABIATHAR.

RECITATIVE.

Abiath. Rack'd with Infernal Pains ev'n now the King
Comes forth, and mutters horrid Words, which Hell,
No human Tongue, has taught him.

AIR.

David. *O Lord, whoſe Mercies numberleſs*
O'er all thy Works prevail,
Tho' daily Man thy Law tranſgreſs,
Thy Patience cannot fail:
If yet his Sin be not too great,
The buſy Fiend control,
Yet longer for Repentance wait,
And heal his wounded Soul.

RECITATIVE.

Jonath. 'Tis all in vain, his Fury ſtill continues:
With wild Diſtraction on my Friend he ſtares,
Stamps on the Ground, and ſeems intent on Miſchief.

AIR.

AIR.

Saul. *A Serpent in my Boſom warm'd*
Would ſting me to the Heart;
But of his Venom ſoon diſarm'd,
Himſelf ſhall feel the Smart.
Ambitious Boy! now learn, what Danger
It is to rouze a Monarch's Anger!
Throws his Javelin. Exit *David.*

RECITATIVE.

Saul. Has he eſcap'd my Rage?
I charge thee, *Jonathan*, upon thy Duty,
And All, on your Allegiance, to deſtroy
This bold, aſpiring Youth; for while he lives,
I am not ſafe. Reply not, but obey. [*Exit.*

AIR.

Merab. *Capricious Man, in Humour loſt,*
By ev'ry Wind of Paſſion toſs'd,
Now ſets his Vaſſal on the Throne,
Then low as Earth he caſts him down;
His Temper knows no middle State,
Extreme alike in Love and Hate.

SCENE VI.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Jonath. O Filial Piety! O Sacred Friendſhip!
How ſhall I reconcile you? —— Cruel Father!
Your juſt Commands I always have obey'd:
But to deſtroy my Friend! the Brave, the Virtuous,
The God-like *David! Iſrael*'s Defender,
And Terror of her Foes! — to diſobey You ——
What ſhall I call it? — 'Tis an Act of Duty
To GOD — to *David* — nay, indeed to You.

AIR.

No, cruel Father, no:
Your hard Commands I can't obey.
Shall I with ſacrilegious Blow
Take pious David's *Life away!*
No; with my Life I muſt defend
Againſt the World my beſt, my deareſt Friend.

CHORUS.

Preſerve him for the Glory of thy Name,
Thy People's Safety, and the Heathen's Shame.

ACT II. SCENE I.

CHORUS.

ENVY! Eldeſt-born of Hell!
Ceaſe in human Breaſt to dwell.
Ever at all Good repining,
Still the Happy undermining!
God and Man by thee infeſted,
Thou by God and Man deteſted!
Moſt thyſelf thou doſt torment,
At once the Crime and Puniſhment.
Hide thee in the blackeſt Night:
Virtue ſickens at thy Sight!
Hence, thou Eldeſt-born of Hell!
Ceaſe in human Breaſts to dwell.

SCENE II.

JONATHAN *and* DAVID.

RECITATIVE.

Jonath. Ah! deareſt Friend, undone by too much Virtue!
Think you, an Evil Spirit was the Cauſe

Of all my Father's Rage? It was indeed
A Spirit of Envy, and of mortal Hate.
He has reſolv'd your Death; and ſternly charg'd
His whole Retinue, me eſpecially,
To execute his Vengeance.

AIR.

But ſooner Jordan's *Stream, I ſwear,*
Back to his Spring ſhall ſwiftly roll,
Than I conſent to hurt a Hair
Of thee, thou Darling of my Soul.

RECITATIVE.

David. O ſtrange Viciſſitude! But Yeſterday
He thought me worthy of his Daughter's Love;
To Day he ſeeks my Life.
Jonath. My Siſter *Merab*, by his own Gift thy Right,
He has beſtow'd on *Adriel.*
David. O, my Prince, would that were all!
It would not grieve me much. The ſcornful Maid
(Didſt thou obſerve?) with ſuch diſdainful Pride
Receiv'd the King's Command! —— but lovely *Michal*,
As mild as ſhe is fair, out-ſtrips all Praiſe.

AIR.

Such haughty Beauties rather move
Averſion, than engage our Love.
They only can our Cares beguile,
Who gently ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile.
If Virtue in that Dreſs appear,
Who, that ſees, can Love forbear?

RECITATIVE.

Jonath. My Father comes. Retire, my Friend, while I
With peaceful Accents try to calm his Rage. [*Exit* David.

SCENE III.

SAUL *and* JONATHAN.

RECITATIVE.

Saul. Haſt thou obey'd my Orders, and deſtroy'd
My mortal Enemy, the Son of *Jeſſe?*
Jonath. Alas, my Father! He your Enemy?
Say rather, he has done important Service
To you, and to the Nation; hazarded
His Life for both, and ſlain our Giant Foe,
Whoſe Preſence made the boldeſt of us tremble.

AIR.

Sin not, O King, againſt the Youth,
Who ne'er offended you:
Think, to his Loyalty and Truth
What great Rewards are due!

Think, with what Joy this God-like Man
You ſaw, that glorious Day!
Think, and with Ruin, if you can,
Such Services repay.

Saul. *As Great* Jehovah *lives, I ſwear,*
The Youth ſhall not be ſlain:
Bid him return, and void of Fear
Adorn our Court again.

Jonath. *From Cities ſtorm'd, and Battles won,*
What Glory can accrue?
By this the Hero beſt is known;
He can himſelf ſubdue.
Wiſeſt and greateſt of his Kind,
Who can in Reaſon's Fetters bind
The Madneſs of his angry Mind!

RECITATIVE.

Appear, my Friend.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter DAVID.

RECITATIVE.

Saul. No more imagine Danger:
Be First in our Esteem; with wonted Valour
Repel the Insults of the *Philistines:*
And as a Proof of my Sincerity,
(O Hardness to dissemble!) instantly
Espouse my Daughter *Michal.*

AIR.

David. *Your Words, O King, my Loyal Heart*
With double Ardor fire:
If God his usual Aid impart,
Your Foes shall feel what you inspire.
In all the Dangers of the Field,
The Great Jehovah *is my Shield.* [Exeunt *Dav.* and *Jon.*

RECITATIVE.

Saul. Yes, he shall wed my Daughter! —— but how long
Shall he enjoy her? —— He shall lead my Armies!
But have the *Philistines* no Darts — no Swords,
To pierce the Heart of *David?* — Yes, this once
To them I leave him; they shall do me Right!

SCENE V.

DAVID *and* MICHAL.

RECITATIVE.

Michal. A Father's Will has authoriz'd my Love:
No longer, *Michal,* then attempt to hide
The Secret of thy Soul. I love thee, *David,*
And long have lov'd. Thy Virtue was the Cause;
And that be my Defence.

DUET.

DUET.

Mich. *O Faireſt of ten thouſand fair,*
Yet for thy Virtue more admir'd!
Thy Words and Actions all declare
The Wiſdom by thy God inſpir'd.

David. *O lovely Maid! thy Form beheld,*
Above all Beauty charms our Eyes:
Yet ſtill within that Form conceal'd
Thy Mind, a greater Beauty, lies.

Both. *How well in Thee does Heav'n at laſt*
Compenſate all my Sorrows paſt. [Exeunt.

CHORUS.

Is there a Man, who all his Ways
Directs, his God alone to pleaſe?
In vain his Foes againſt him move:
Superior Pow'r their Hate diſarms;
He makes them yield to Virtue's Charms,
And melts their Fury down to Love.

A CONCERTO.

SCENE VI.

DAVID *and* MICHAL.

RECITATIVE.

David. Thy Father is as cruel, and as falſe,
As thou art kind and true. When I approach'd him
New from the Slaughter of his Enemies,
His Eyes with Fury flam'd; his Arm he rais'd,
With Rage grown ſtronger; by my guiltleſs Head
The Javelin whizzing flew, and in the Wall
Mock'd once again his Impotence of Malice.

DUET.

David. *At Perſecution I can laugh;*
No Fear my Soul can move,
In God's Protection ſafe,
And bleſt in Michal's *Love.*

Michal.

Michal. Ah! deareſt Youth! for thee I fear!
Fly! —— be gone! —— for Death is near!

David. *Fear not, lovely Fair, for me:*
Death, where thou art, cannot be.
Smile, and Danger is no more.
Michal. *Fly—for Death is at the Door!*
See, the murd'rous Band comes on!
Stay no longer! Fly! — be gone!

SCENE VII.

MICHAL *and* DOEG.

RECITATIVE.

Michal. Whom doſt thou ſeek? And who has ſent thee hither?
Doeg. I ſeek for *David*; and am ſent by *Saul.*
Michal. Thy Errand?
Doeg. 'Tis a Summons to the Court.
Michal. Say, he is ſick.
Doeg. In Sickneſs, or in Health,
Alive, or dead, he muſt be brought to *Saul.*
Shew me his Chamber. [David's *Bed diſcover'd with an Image in it.*
Do you mock the King?
This Diſappointment will enrage him more;
Then tremble for th' Event. [*Exit.*

AIR.

Michal. *No; let the Guilty tremble*
At ev'ry Thought of Danger near.
Tho' Numbers, arm'd with Death, aſſemble,
My Innocence diſdains to fear.
Tho' great their Power as their Spite,
Undaunted ſtill, my Soul, remain;
For greater is Jehovah's *Might,*
And will their lawleſs Force reſtrain.

SCENE VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Merab. Mean as he was, he is my Brother now,

My

My Sister's Husband; and to speak the Truth,
Has Qualities, which Justice bids me love,
And pity his Distress. My Father's Cruelty
Strikes me with Horror! At th'approaching Feast
I fear some dire Event, unless my Brother,
His Friend, the faithful *Jonathan*, avert
Th'impending Ruin. I know, he'll do his best.

AIR.

Author of Peace, who canst controul
Ev'ry Passion of the Soul;
To whose good Spirit alone we owe
Words that sweet as Honey flow:
With thy dear Influence his Tongue be fill'd,
And cruel Wrath to soft Persuasion yield.

SCENE IX.

[Symphony.]

SAUL at the Feast of the New Moon.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

The Time at length is come, when I shall take
My full Revenge on Jesse's *Son.*
No longer shall the Stripling make
His Sov'reign totter on the Throne.
He dies —— this Blaster of my Fame,
Bane of my Peace, and Author of my Shame.

SCENE X.

SAUL, JONATHAN, *&c.*

RECITATIVE.

Saul. Where is the Son of *Jesse*? Comes he not
To grace our Feast?
Jonath. He earnestly ask'd Leave
To go to *Bethlem*, where his Father's House

At

At ſolemn Rites of annual Sacrifice
Requir'd his Preſence.
Saul. O Perverſe! Rebellious!
Thinks thou, I do not know, that thou haſt choſe
The Son of *Jeſſe* to thy own Confuſion?
The World will ſay, thou art no Son of mine,
Who thus canſt love the Man I hate; the Man,
Who, if he lives, will rob thee of thy Crown.
Send, fetch him hither; for the Wretch muſt die.
Jonath. What has he done? and wherefore muſt he die?
Saul. Dar'ſt thou oppoſe my Will? Die then thyſelf.
[*Throws his Javelin. Exit* Jonathan, *then* Saul.

CHORUS.

O fatal Conſequence
Of Rage, by Reaſon uncontroll'd!
With ev'ry Law he can diſpenſe;
No Ties the furious Monſter hold:
From Crime to Crime he blindly goes,
Nor End, but with his own Deſtruction, knows.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SAUL *diſguis'd at* Endor.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

WRETCH that I am! of my own Ruin Author!
Where are my old Supports? The valiant Youth,
Whoſe very Name was Terror to my Foes,
My Rage has drove away. Of God forſaken,
In vain I ask his Counſel! He vouchſafes
No Anſwer to the Sons of Diſobedience!
Ev'n my own Courage fails me! —— Can it be?
Is *Saul* become a Coward? —— I'll not believe it!
If Heav'n denies thee Aid, ſeek it from Hell!
'Tis ſaid, here lives a Woman, cloſe Familiar

With th' Enemy of Mankind. Her I'll conſult,
And know the Worſt. Her Art is Death by Law;
And while I minded Law, ſure Death attended
Such horrid Practices: Yet, O hard Fate!
Myſelf am now reduc'd to ask the Counſel
Of thoſe I once abhorr'd!

SCENE II.

SAUL *and the Witch of* Endor.

RECITATIVE.

Witch. With me what would'ſt thou?
Saul. I wou'd, that by thy Art thou bring me up
The Man whom I ſhall name.
Witch. Alas! thou know'ſt
How *Saul* has cut off thoſe who uſe this Art.
Would'ſt thou inſnare me?
Saul. As *Jehovah* lives,
On this Account no Miſchief ſhall befal thee.
Witch. Whom ſhall I bring up to thee?
Saul. Bring up *Samuel.*

AIR.

Witch. *Infernal Spirits, by whoſe Pow'r*
Departed Ghoſts in living Forms appear,
Add Horror to the Midnight Hour,
And chill the boldeſt Hearts with Fear:
To this Stranger's wond'ring Eyes
Let the Prophet Samuel *riſe.*

SCENE III.

Apparition of SAMUEL, SAUL.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Samuel. Why haſt thou forc'd me from the Realms of Peace
Back to this World of Woe?
Saul. O holy Prophet!

Refuſe

Refuſe me not thy Aid in this Diſtreſs.
The num'rous Foe ſtands ready for the Battle:
God has forſaken me: No more He anſwers
By Prophets or by Dreams: No Hope remains,
Unleſs I learn of thee what Courſe to take.
Samuel. Hath God forſaken thee? And doſt thou ask
My Counſel? Did I not foretel thy Fate,
When, madly diſobedient, thou didſt ſpare
The curſt *Amalekite*, and on the Spoil
Didſt fly rapacious? Therefore God this Day
Hath verify'd my Words in thy Deſtruction?
Hath rent the Kingdom from thee, and beſtow'd it
On *David*, whom thou hateſt for his Virtue.
Thou and thy Sons ſhall be with me To-morrow,
And *Iſrael* by *Philiſtine* Arms ſhall fall.
The Lord hath ſaid it: He will make it good.

SCENE IV.

[Symphony.]

DAVID, *&c. To them an* Amalekite.

RECITATIVE.

David. Whence comeſt thou?
Amal. Out of the Camp of *Iſrael.*
David. Thou canſt inform me then: How went the Battle?
Amal. The People, put to flight, in Numbers fell,
And *Saul*, and *Jonathan* his Son, are dead.
David. Alas! my Brother!—— But how know'ſt thou
That they are dead?
Amal. Upon Mount *Gilboa*
I met with *Saul*, juſt fall'n upon his Spear.
Swiftly the Foe purſu'd. He cry'd to me,
Begg'd me to finiſh his imperfect Work,
And end a Life of Pain and Ignominy.
I knew he could not live, and therefore ſlew him;
Took from his Head the Crown, and from his Arms
The Bracelets, and have brought them to my Lord.

David. Whence art thou?
Amal. I am an *Amalekite.*

AIR.

David. *Impious Wretch, of Race accurſt!*
And of all that Race the worſt!
How haſt thou dar'd to lift thy Sword
Againſt th' Anointed of the Lord?
Fall on him—ſmite him—let him die; [To one of his Attendants, who kills the *Amalekite.*
On thy own Head thy Blood will lie;
Since thy own Mouth has teſtify'd,
By Thee the Lord's Anointed dy'd.

SCENE V.

[A March.]

ELEGY on the Death of SAUL and JONATHAN.

CHORUS. I.

Mourn, Iſrael, *mourn, thy Beauty loſt,*
Thy choiceſt Youth on Gilboa *ſlain.*
How have thy faireſt Hopes been croſt!
What Heaps of mighty Warriors ſtrow the Plain!

AIR. II.

O let it not in Gath *be heard,*
The News in Askelon *let none proclaim;*
Leſt we, whom once ſo much they fear'd,
Be by their Women now deſpis'd,
And leſt the Daughters of th' Uncircumcis'd
Rejoice and triumph in our Shame.

AIR. III.

From this unhappy Day,
No more, ye Gilboan *Hills, on you*
Deſcend refreſhing Rain or kindly Dew,
Which erſt your Heads with Plenty crown'd;
Since there the Shield of Saul, *in Arms renown'd,*
Was vilely caſt away.

AIR.

AIR. IV.

Brave Jonathan *his Bow ne'er drew,*
But wing'd with Death his Arrow flew,
And drank the Blood of ſlaughter'd Foes:
Nor drew great Saul *his Sword in vain;*
It reek'd, where'er he dealt his Blows,
With Entrails of the mighty Slain.

CHORUS. V.

Eagles were not ſo ſwift as they,
Nor Lions with ſo ſtrong a Graſp held faſt and tore the Prey.

AIR. VI.

In ſweeteſt Harmony they liv'd,
Nor Death their Union cou'd divide:
The pious Son ne'er left his Father's Side,
But him defending bravely dy'd:
A Loſs too great to be ſurviv'd!

AIR. VII.

For Saul, *ye Maids of* Iſrael, *moan,*
To whoſe indulgent Care
You owe the Scarlet and the Gold you wear,
And all the Pomp in which your Beauty long has ſhone.

CHORUS. VIII.

O fatal Day! How low the Mighty lie!
David. *O* Jonathan! *how nobly didſt thou die,*
For thy King and Country ſlain!
For thee, my Brother Jonathan,
How great is my Diſtreſs!
What Language can my Grief expreſs?
Great was the Pleaſure I enjoy'd in thee!
And more than Woman's Love thy wondrous Love to me!

CHORUS. IX.

O fatal Day! How low the Mighty lie!
Where, Iſrael, *is thy Glory fled?*
Spoil'd of thy Arms, and ſunk in Infamy,
How canſt thou raiſe again thy drooping Head!

RECITATIVE.

Abiathar. *Ye Men of* Judah, *weep no more;*
Let Gladneſs reign in all our Hoſt;
For pious David *will reſtore*
What Saul *by Diſobedience loſt.*
The Lord of Hoſts is David's *Friend,*
And Conqueſt will his Arms attend.

CHORUS.

Gird on thy Sword, thou Man of Might,
Purſue thy wonted Fame:
Go on, be proſperous in Fight,
Retrieve the Hebrew *Name.*
Thy ſtrong Right-Hand, with Terror arm'd,
Shall thy obdurate Foes diſmay;
While others, by thy Virtue charm'd,
Shall crowd to own thy Righteous Sway.

FINIS.